

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

It is understood if we credit that \$2.00 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

SNANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.

President A. S. Paxton promised on the night of the closing exercises of the College to have the following published, but failed to hand it in time for the last issue:

COLLEGiate DEPARTMENT.

The following are the names of those who in this department obtained the combined mark of 95 or upward on any study: Annie Alcorn, Astronomy, Physiology, Geometry, Trigonometry and Mensuration of Surfaces and Solids; Jennie McKinney, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Astronomy, Physiology, Natural History, Literature, Mental Philosophy; Julia Tapscott, Dictionary, Latin, Algebra; Geometry, History, Rhetoric, Arithmetic; Annie Dunn, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Physiology, Natural History, Literature; Louisa Dudders, Dictionary, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Natural History, Literature; May Helm, Dictionary, Geometry, Physiology, Natural History, Literature, Mental Philosophy; Emma Sauflay, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Physiology, Natural History, Rhetoric; Mary Alcorn, Algebra, Astronomy, Physiology, Rhetoric; Louise Bailey, Geometry, Physiology, Literature; Jessie Reid, Physiology, Rhetoric; Lizzie Farris, Geometry, Physiology; Jessie Richards, Dictionary, Physiology, Geography; Mattie VanDusen, Physiology, Natural History, Literature; Annie Baughman, Algebra, Arithmetic; Tillie Hall, Rhetoric; Lou Dunn, Algebra, Rhetoric; Fannie Pennington, English Grammar; Jessie Richards, Dictionary, Physiology, Geography; Ella Shanks, Physiology, Geography; Rhoda Portman, Physiology; Minnie Rupley, Physiology, Geography; Linda Ossley, Latin; Jessie Baughman, Algebra, Physiology, Geography.

DEPARTMENT.

Louisa Dudders, Linda Ossley, Julia Tapscott, Minnie Rupley, Maggie Swinebroad, Mary Wharton, Mattie VanDusen.

Whispering in school caused many of the pupils to fail to reach 95 in deportment; also requiring mathematics and spelling to be included in the list of "Certificates of Honor" caused many to fail in obtaining it.

PRIMARY AND PREPARATORY DEPARTMENTS.

Honorable mention is made of the following girls, whose combined mark is 95 or upward. The examination mark counts one-third in combining with the average session standing. The grade is high and a pupil may not reach it, and still her standing be very creditable. In Spelling, Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, History and English Grammar, Linda Ossley and Lettie McKinney; Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, History and English Grammar, Jessie Richards; Jessie Baughman, Montie Harris; Jessie Newland, Spelling; Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, Mary Paxton and Virginia Brown, Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, Annie Hale and Alpha Tyree; Arithmetic, Geography, History, Ophelia Luckey, Jessie Baughman, Montie Harris; Jessie Newland, Spelling; Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, Mary Paxton, Kate Alcorn, Mary Craig, Martha Rout, Maggie Bright; Spelling, Reading, Arithmetic, Mary Dudders; Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, Annie Hale; Geography, History, English Grammar, Jessie Warren; Geography and English Grammar, Mollie Rochester; Geography, Arithmetic, Hattie Hester; Geography, History, Marie Warren; Geography, Nannie Van Dusen; Arithmetic, Paula Phenix; Geography, Eddie Birch; Arithmetic, Annie Straub.

DEPARTMENT.

Mrs Paxton, Effie Barnett, Linda Ossley, Marie Warren, Jessie Straub.

In America there are only two monasteries maintained by the Trappist monks, and no monastic order has a more singular history or follows more rigid customs. One of these monasteries is located at Dubuque, Iowa, and the other is in Nelson county, Ky., a short distance from Louisville. This second is called the monastery of Gethsemane, and is the subject of a magazine article, by Morton M. Cassedy. The article, well illustrated, will appear in the Southern Bivouac for July.

The first strike on record among English speaking people was in 1349, when the agricultural workers of England refused to work for the wages paid, and almost the entire crop of the island rotted in the fields. Parliament passed stringent laws imposing heavy penalties on any mechanic or laborer who refused to work at the old rate for any one needing his services. The first great strike in modern times was the lock-out of the iron men in 1851. 12,000 in number.

They Met Again—A Love Story.

They stood together under the waving branches of a mighty elm on the banks of a singing brook, one fair, sweet night in June. A calm and holy joy was in her fair young face—the joy that comes to a maiden loving and beloved. She looked up into his handsome face with such a proud, tender, trustful look. Her hand rested confidently in his; soft and low were the words she spoke; words that no ear but his should hear.

And he! Ah, me, and ah me! Would I could give to the face and heart of every young man the calm, sweet, holy joy that face portrayed, that heart reveled in. He lived and loved. Life seemed like a summer sea before him. Ah me, and ah me! That ever storm should come that ever rude blast should assail; that ever hearts should break! Well, well, and again I say, well well! Lives and loves end every day, lives and loves like these. Lovers part to meet no more; hearts break and are forever sad.

She spoke.

"Adelbert," she sighed, her voice like the far away tinkling of evening bells. "and must this be? Must we, O, Adelbert, must we be torn apart? O, Adelbert, my poor heart will break!"

"Courage, my sweet one, courage," he said, with trembling voice and quivering lips, "it shall not be for long. I go to the golden West to make a home, humble as it may be, for my beautiful bride! Have courage, me life. We shall meet again."

"Yes, yes, yes," she cried, quickly and passionately, "we shall meet again. Oh, Adelbert, were it not for that blessed assurance I should die, I should die! Heaven praised, we shall meet again!"

One passionate, thrilling, joyous, manly, burning kiss on her white lips and he was gone, leaving her in a swoon on the banks of the murmuring stream under the tender light of the pitying stars. He was gone!

And he didn't come back. Various publicans, justices of the peace and county judges know why. The "golden West" seemed one or dozen too many for him. A man who met him in Leadville ten years later said he was the toughest looking old pill he ever saw in all the born days of his life. He had lived in six different mining camps and had married in each of them. The six deserted wives were so glad to get rid of him to make any fun over his bigamistic irregularities. He was free to go back to his first love now if he would. After fifteen years he thought he would.

And she? Had she been faithful? Had her heart broken? Was she lying under the daisies on the banks of that stream where first she told her love? Ah, me! We shall see!

A woman, a great big, woman, is bending over a wash-tub in a little back room between the streets of an Eastern city. She is doing out "a bit of washing" for her nine small children, while the husband backs on his back in the sunshine by her side. He is smoking; so is she. Four dogs lie at her feet. The children are "raising Cain" in front of the house, but she heads them not. A man is coming through the alley with a two-wheeled, shaky and uncertain cart and a shakier old blind horse. He is crying:

"Bot-tels, bot-tels, bot-tels! R-a-a-g, r-a-a-g and bot-tels to buy! Bot-tels, bot-tels! Bot-tels!"

The woman hies quickly away to a barrel in a corner of the yard and fills her apron with empty bottles.

"Here you!" she shrieks. "Here's—" She stops and looks at the man. He looks at her. There is recognition in both their faces. Heart pictures and memories are never erased.

"Well, I'll be darned," said he.

"So'll I," said she.

They had met again—[Detroit Free Press.]

The Enquirer is entitled to the premium for seven upping it as follows:

The marriage certificate of Grover Cleveland and Frances Folsom shows that the former is forty nine years old and the latter twenty one. As we all know, "figures do not lie" and, as we have learned from the alchemist, the figure 7 is particularly lucky. Now, if one reflects that the bride's age is 3 times 7 and that the groom's age is 7 times 7, and that the difference between them is 4 times 7, he will see how lucky they ought to be."

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S EXPERIENCE.—A newspaper man can say nice and pleasant things about a man and his whole family for two long years, and then incur their life-time enmity in one short week by a seeming slight. Yes, it's the fact. And you can hurrah for a candidate, back his friends, curse his enemies, and make darn fool of yourself all the way through; without a thank in the end, to find when you are a candidate that he is "out of politics." But there is one man that don't forget you, and that's the man you opposed—[Robertson County Democrat.]

An Indian funeral procession in eastern Oregon is thus described: "The defunct had been set upon a horse and a stick had been lashed along each side of his body to keep it in an upright position. The head was not supported in any way and as the horse trotted along the body seemed bowing in every direction and the head shaking in a horribly grotesque manner. The widow, dressed in her mourning paint, trotted along behind on a lazy mule, to which she kept vigorously applying the whip."

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1886.

NO. 135.

The Lebanon Convention

One reads the proceedings of the Lebanon convention with something more than partisan disgust, for it was not an ordinary political convention seeking mere party spoils, but a convention to nominate a Judge, a Judge who will review the errors and shortcomings of the inferior courts and pass finally on the lives and property of our citizens.

Out of all the turmoil and disorder comes a nominee, in himself worthy to wear the honor, a lawyer of capacity, a gentleman of integrity. His opponent, too, was, in all that goes to make a good Judge, his equal; yet each was forced to wade through the mire to reach the judgment seat.

What is to be the end of all this? Is there a lower depth to this low level? If we are to lift the bench above these party passions; if it is not to be the prize of chicanery and rowdiness and injustice; if one's title is to be above reproach, not open to question, what is the remedy for it all? For surely some remedy is needed. We can not pick figs from thistles. We can not expect a stream to be purer than its fountain.

We have fixed in our Constitution a system of elective judiciary, but there is nothing in the written Constitution of the State, nothing in the unwritten constitution of the parties which can justify such rioting and rowdiness as were witnessed at Lebanon.

The tactics employed by one contestant were exactly those of the other; success does not justify them on the one hand, nor does defeat relieve the other of all responsibilities. Those who appeal to a convention must abide by the decision of that convention.

But are the people to be forever content with this method of choosing their judicial officers? Surely party managers can devise a better, a fairer, a clearer method than this, but if the task is too great for these practical politicians, the people themselves must take it in hand and see what they can do to lift the bench out of the mire of partisan politics. [Courier-Journal.]

A Stricken Journalist.

A recent issue of the Texas Tribune contains a touching tribute to the memory of Mrs. Spinner, the wife of the talented editor. Here speaks feelingly:

"Thus my wife died. No more will those loyally hands pull off my boots and part my hair back as only a true wife can. Nor will those willing feet replenish the coal shed or water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storm of winter and lie away to the fire without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so ardently. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found that I could embalm her memory cheaper."

I procured of Eli Midget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty grave stone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand for several years in anticipation of her death; but she rallied last spring, and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the man's grief when I asked him to part with it.

"Take it Spinner, and may you never know what it is to have your soul disappointed as mine has been!" and he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was indeed utterly broken.

"It had the following epitaph engraved upon the tombstone:

"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Spinner, E. Q., gentlemanly editor of the Tribune. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. A kind mother and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee. Job printing solicited."

Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his job in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.)" —[Texas Sitter.]

Kentucky Fairs.

Kirkville, July 23, 2 days. Hustonville, July 23, 3 days. Harrodsburg, July 25, 4 days. Danville, August 3, 4 days. Richmond, August 10, 4 days. Lawrenceburg, August 17, 4 days. Columbia, August 17, 4 days. Mayville, August 18, 4 days. Covington, August 18, 4 days. Stanford, August 25, 3 days. Lexington, August 31, 5 days. Falmouth, August 31, 5 days. Bardstown, September 1, 4 days. Bowling Green, September 1, 4 days. Paris, September 7, 5 days. Somerset, September 14, 3 days. Glasgow, September 29, 4 days.

Within the last few months, here in the town of Shelbyville alone, Gov. Knott has pardoned or remitted twenty fines or more. In no single instance that we call to mind was there the slightest call for executive clemency. In each case the fine had been imposed by the regular process of law, and was justly administered. In these instances, right in our midst, we fail to hear the still small voice of justice," to which his Excellency appeals so eloquently in his letter to Judge Durham. —[Shelby Times.]

AN INDIAN FUNERAL PROCESSION in eastern Oregon is thus described: "The defunct had been set upon a horse and a stick had been lashed along each side of his body to keep it in an upright position. The head was not supported in any way and as the horse trotted along the body seemed bowing in every direction and the head shaking in a horribly grotesque manner. The widow, dressed in her mourning paint, trotted along behind on a lazy mule, to which she kept vigorously applying the whip."

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion?

Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—In this week's Central Kentucky News Judge M. H. Owles, of this place, will announce himself a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals for this district to succeed Judge Pryor.

—Miss Lida Hord, a Mason-county belle, is the guest of Miss Burtie Collier. Mr. Samuel B. Harris has returned from Louisville, whether he went to be treated for eye trouble. Col. B. M. Burdett is in Clay county gauging brandy.

—The delegates from this place to the late lamented Lebanon Convention are very reticent of what occurred there. Enough information has been elicited from them, however, to warrant us in saying that they heartily condemned the outrageous proceedings.

—Absent the Greenwood trip:

"What is that, mother?"
"A soldier, my dear;
You will always find him standing here,
Talking about his Greenwood trip;
Pulling the military fuzz on his lip,
Saying, 'ah, but I'll fool you,' and other cute
things—
He's a Greenwood soldier and a war-story brings.
'Will I shoot, mother?'
"Well, I should shout;
He'll shoot off his lip for all that is out."

—Rev. Chas. Reid is doing evangelical work in Bath and Rowan counties. He will likely be engaged all summer. Rev. George Worth Yancey left Wednesday to hold a meeting at Rockport, Indiana. There were no services at the Christian church Sunday in consequence. Ed. Yancey will return this week. Rev. Mr. Poynter, of Midway, occupied the pulpit at the Methodist church Sunday in the absence of Rev. Morris Evans, who is making a tour of Texas and the Southwest in the interests of his school, Garrard Female College.

—Returning to Lancaster after an absence of five weeks reveals the fact that the enterprising citizens of the city have not been negligent in making improvements. Rev. Jesse Walden has an elegant new residence on Lexington's rest nearly ready to be occupied. Mr. C. C. Stormer is digging a foundation preparatory to erecting a handsome business house to adjoin the one he now occupies on the public square. Col. Sam Miller, with usual thrift and enterprise, has fitted a reading room in his hotel, which in addition make this popular hotel one of the best and most complete in the State. Many other improvements, among which are a street sprinkler and a picture car, are to be noticed, and it is evident Lancaster is getting there.

—Kentucky's Problem.

Prof. H. K. Taylor spoke at the Court-house last Sunday afternoon on the above question. Says Prof. Taylor: "Kentucky's problem is not the penitentiary question, how we shall dispose of our convicts; nor the question of revenue, how we shall lessen expenses and increase revenue, but the real problem is public education. This is Kentucky's problem and its solution is of vast importance to the State. How to solve this question was a task the Professor applied himself to, and he found the solution to it in discussion and agitation. He compared the school law of Kentucky with that of Ohio and found no cause for shame from the comparison. It was not a change of law that was needed, neither was it Federal aid to education. He did not favor Federal aid unless it came unconditionally, and even then he did not think we needed it. Public schools were the outgrowth of public sentiment. We must interest the people, the masses, in educational matters and then the question of money would take care of itself. When the people become interested local aid would be added to the general fund until there would be no lacking for funds. He regretted the number of persons engaged in teaching as a mere expedient instead of making teaching the profession of a life time. He particularly condemned the number of small and incompetent schools at almost every cross road, which were called colleges, academies and universities, and which were granting diplomas to everybody. What we want is more good, practical public schools, where the masses might receive a practical education. He announced himself a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction and pledged his entire strength to making a strong public sentiment in favor of the public school system. The number in attendance was not as large as was desired but was very attentive and the Professor made a very favorable impression." —[Mt. Sterling Sentinel.]

No man should get angry because a newspaper man duns him for money. A dun is not an impeachment of the subscriber's integrity, but simply an outcropping of the publisher's necessities. For instance, a thousand men owe a man from one to four dollars each. He has to dun them all to get enough money to pay his expenses. Instead of getting mad because the publisher asks him for his honest due, the subscriber should thank the editor for waiting so patiently and pay him like a man—[Exchange.]

—In an election riot at Santiago 40 persons were killed and a large number were wounded. A massacre of Christians has occurred at Anan.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

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Dentist.

STANFORD, KY.

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Stanford, Ky., . . . June 22, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

THE outrageous manner in which the proceedings of the Lebanon convention, convened to nominate a judge for the next highest court in Kentucky, were conducted, continues to be the absorbing topic in this section and the bad feelings that it engendered is not wearing off with that celerity which the lover of peace and democratic harmony would desire. In fact there are a number of hot-headed men who get madder the more they think of the way the rights of their favorite were trampled under foot and say they will vote for the devil before they will for a nominee made by such questionable methods.

In the history of conventions there never was never such high-handed, flagrant and boasted over riding of the rights of the other party.

A council chairman packs his committee, giving the opponents no representation whatever on the most important one of credentials, so that they might overlook its work and protest if necessary, and when appealed to in the interest of fair play, responds, "To the victors belong the spoils."

"We have the power on you now and intend to use it for all it is worth. Help yourself if you can." There was perhaps some semblance of justice in that committee seating the Barbour delegation from the 4th Louisville district, but when it with brazen effrontery said that Washington county ought not to be allowed representation because of some imaginary irregularity in the proceedings of its convention or if at all a set of Barbour men drummed up by the committee itself, should cast the county's vote as they saw proper, and the convention endorsed this outrage, it went beyond the bounds of the commonest mobocracy.

The Barbour crowd went there to nominate him by any methods necessary and in selecting Gen. Rodman as the chairman and Maj. Ed. Hughes, of the Louisville Fire Department, as assistant, they did not make a mistake. Rodman's arbitrary rulings and partisan conduct damns him in the eyes of every fair minded man and had he the remotest respect for himself or his position as reporter of the Court of Appeals, he could not have been induced to perform the dirty work for the Louisville gang. To him more than to any of the lowest of Barbour's strikers attaches the disgrace that has been perpetrated in the name of the democratic party, by which the choice of the people was defeated by the machinations of a purchasable mob. Such conduct is fast breaking up the organization of our party and if it is to prevail the sooner it wipes it out the better.

We detest the very name of boisterous and believe in accepting the result of any mode agreed upon to determine who shall be our standard-bearers. Fraud, however, vitiates any contract in law and when it is so apparent, as in the present instance, democrats have serious cause for repudiating a nomination obtained both by fraudulent and treacherous means. The party methods must be purified, but whether the repudiation of Mr. Barbour will accomplish it, is a question. He may be as innocent of the fraud of which he is beneficiary as we are confident that Judge Saufley was of any, if any, questionable means resorted to by his friends, and in common charity we will say that he was. For this and the further reason that he is said to be a gentleman and a good lawyer, we believe that our gallant leader, Judge Saufley, who suffers most by the foul treatment, strikes the key note for his friends to respond when he says "I shall abide the result as officially announced and support the nominee." It won't do to cut off our noses to spite our faces by playing into the hands of the republicans, who are elated over the turn of affairs, but like sensible men and true democrats, we must meet the issue calmly and fairly and wait for cooler moments to express ourselves as between a known democrat and a republican.

UNTIL a few days ago, New York had a law permitting persons to be imprisoned for debt, but it was repealed by the last legislature and on its going into effect a large number of persons were released, among them on who had been in the Ludlow street jail for seven years. In some cases imprisonment and even hanging is too good for men who make debts with intent to defraud, but the law of imprisonment works great injustice in many cases and is more apt to punish the honest than the rascally creditor.

It is gratifying to know that one murderer has been held without bail in Judge Finley's district, but the Judge did not do it himself, it goes without saying. C. B. Lytle, sitting as special judge in Letcher county, made the innovation in the established rights of the murderer in that district and that class of cattle are shaky, for once in six years. If murderers are to suffer the indignity of going to jail, they will begin to resent such inhumanity by letting up in their business.

THE democrats of the Ninth Congressional district will hold a convention at Augusta on the 8th of September to nominate a candidate for Congress, delegates to which are to be selected in the various counties, September 4th. This is the only Kentucky district represented by a republican and if the democrats will harmonize and nominate a good man, our delegation in Congress can be made solid, as it ought to be.

The Hon. Winfield Buckler, candidate for Superior Judge in the Paris district, has gone raving crazy. If he had not done so before he would certainly have been insane, if he had to experience such a convention as that at Lebanon.

THE Louisville Times says: "Barbour's managers got the advantage in the temporary organization and they used it for all it was worth, just as the Saufley managers would have done had they secured the whip-handle." The latter statement is only partially true. The Saufley managers would have done all in their power to nominate their man, but they would not have adopted as their motto "To the victors belong the spoils" and packed the committee on credentials in an outrageous manner.

Not a friend of Saufley was put upon that committee and, it did its cut and dried work without reference to fair play or honorable dealing. We happen to know that if the Saufley men had secured the temporary organization, four Barbour men would have been placed on the committee on credentials to overlook its action and to protest if any crookedness was attempted. We are generally of the opinion that in politics, as in love and war, all is fair, but if a scintilla of fairness animated the breasts of the opposition, they did not permit it to come to the surface.

During the tempest raised to secure the passage of a law to prevent convicts from being worked in coal mines, it was frequently urged that until room was made for them in the penitentiary, railroad building would be the best employment. The contractors of the Maysville & Covington road have put convicts to work on it, and the same old complaint goes out, although there is plenty of room for everybody that will work. The Maysville Bulletin says that some of those who are loudest in condemning convict labor are the losers and dead-beats who rarely ever do a day's work. This is just about the state of the case in the agitation at Greenwood, when the small politicians combined with the losers to raise a row.

THE foolish custom of naming a list of delegates to a convention and adding "and all other good democrats," is one of the causes of Judge Saufley's defeat. By running in a lot of unprincipled, purchasable men, the Barbour men were enabled to defeat the will of the people of Taylor and Washington counties, expressed in their primaries, and just such an instruction did the work. The disgraceful wrangle among the Taylor men was enough to disgust a dog. A fellow named Snorter led the bribed delegation and if there is anything in countenance, not many moons will wax and wane till he will have an appeal on a criminal sentence, before the court to which he contributed in sending a judge.

IT was the treachery of 35 democrats who combined with 122 republicans that defeated the motion to bring up the tariff reduction bill for consideration. Four republicans only voted with the minority. Ten of the votes against the motion were cast by alleged democrats from New York. It is not likely now that the bill will be considered this session, but Col. Morrison will make another effort to bring it up today. One of the main pledges of the last campaign was that if the democrats should be given the power, the war tariff should go, and if that pledge is not kept the democracy can not hope to command the confidence of the people.

We understand that a telegram was received here Saturday from republican headquarters in Louisville asking if Saufley's friends would support Hon. F. T. Fox for the Superior Judgeship. We did not hear the answer, but are convinced that such a scheme engineered as above will not work.

If Judge Fox would steer clear of any other alliance and run as an independent democrat, he would make things lively for the Lebanon nominee, but handicapped by prohibition and republican endorsement he could not win any very great number of votes from the democrats.

THE Knights of Honor will celebrate their 13th anniversary at Central Park, Louisville, on the 30th of this month with a grand street parade and general jubilee, which will be followed by speeches, fireworks, amusements, barbecue, &c., to be participated in by delegates from 36 States, representing a membership of 134,687. Reduced rates, both in hotel and transportation.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Ex-Vice-President David Davis is thought to be dying.

—The Kentucky School of Medicine at Louisville will turn 60 saw bones this afternoon.

—A crazy Illinois man cut the throats of two of his children and then severed his own head from his shoulders.

—The House ways and means committee has reported adversely to the restoration of the wool tariff of 1867.

—A dredgeboat on the Potomac river was burned by the upsetting of an oil lamp and several persons lost their lives.

—It is rumored that Gov. Knott has been offered the position of editor-in-chief of the Louisville Post at a salary of \$5,000.

—At Jonesboro, Ill., John C. Ware, fatally shot his wife and killed himself. He was seventy years old, and his wife thirty-five.

—The Court of Appeals and the Superior Court adjourned Saturday for the summer vacation, and will not reassemble until September.

—Among bills passed by the Senate was a House bill reducing from eight to five cents the fee on domestic money orders for sums not exceeding \$5.

—The contract to build the nine miles of narrow gauge railroad from Glasgow Junction to Mammoth Cave has been awarded to Joseph Coyne at \$75,000.

—A band of masked men went to the house of Hezekiah Alltop, near Parksburg, W. Va., and taking him from his bed, gave him a terrible flogging and afterwards castrated him, because he had been caught in a compromising position with a female member of his flock.

—The temperance (?) and reform portion of our population met Monday morning at 10 o'clock at the court-house to nominate candidates for county offices. General

—A volcanic eruption destroyed the city of Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, and killed hundreds of its inhabitants.

—The statue of Daniel Webster, at Concord, presented to the State by Mr. Benjamin Pierce Cheney, of Boston, was dedicated with imposing civic and military ceremonies.

—Dr. S. A. Richmond, the quack who has swindled every newspaper in the United States, shot the manager of the St. Joseph, Mo., Herald and then blew his own brains out.

—Eugene Zimmerman has been elected president of the Cincinnati, Richmond & Chicago railroad, and Christian Meyer president of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Indianapolis.

—Hopkinsville voted Saturday to subscribe for \$75,000 of the stock of the Hopkinsville and Cadiz railroad. The vote was 913 for to 11 against the proposition. Not a single business man voted against it.

—Polk Laffoon has received a letter from his district saying that Jim McKenzie, Secretary of State, and ex-State Senator Henry C. Dixon, of Henderson, would announce themselves candidates for Congress in a few days.

—A terrible accident occurred on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad at Kilgore, beyond Ashland. A freight train fell thro' the bridge at that place, killing the conductor, Engineer Hatch and the fireman, John C. Bradley, of Lexington, Ky.

—The body of R. Davis Hutchcraft, of Paris, was found in Lake Michigan. He went out alone in a sail boat May 31, and not returning, search was made for him, resulting as above Saturday. Evidences that he was murdered and robbed are plain.

—Thomas Simons, of New York, Assistant Attorney General during the administrations from Grant to Cleveland, died Sunday of typhoid fever. Since his retirement from the department of justice he has been the Washington law partner of ex-Senator McDonald and Mr. Bright, of Indiana.

—Demagogue Berry has been indorsed for governor by the democrats of Campbell county. This act is a discredit upon the intelligence of the people of that district. There is a great deal of consolation, however, in the knowledge that it will not become epidemic.—[Louisville Commercial.]

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Mr. Wood Wallace, of Louisville, is in town on a visit to old friends.

—Two cases against Jo Govins for selling whisky without license, are set for trial this morning.

—Robert Jacob Harlan, youngest son of Dr. W. B. Harlan, died Sunday night, and was buried Monday evening at the cemetery.

—Sixty cents is the most dealers are offering for "good, merchantable wheat" in Danville. A few of the farmers will sell at this price, but the greater number will stick.

—Owing to vacancies in the board of trustees of Centre College, and for other good reasons, Dr. O. Beatty has consented to retain the presidency of that institution for another year.

—Mr. J. C. Masonheimer and Miss Allie Portwood, of this place are to be married this evening at Lexington. Miss Blanche Masonheimer and Mr. Harvey Mills are to be the attendants.

—Mr. J. M. Hackney was in Somerset last week and contracted to furnish the galvanized iron work for the four new store rooms to be built soon by Mr. Gibson and other citizens of that place.

—Messrs. O. H. Waddie and Sam M. Boone escaped unharmed from the Lebanon convention and reached here early Friday morning. Capt. Boone says it was the nicest little picnic he ever attended.

—It was Eichhorn, of Louisville, instead of Seibright, of Louisville, who furnished the music for Centre College commencement. Your correspondent, innocently but erroneously said Seibright, when he should have said Eichhorn.

—The Danville base ball club vanquished the Falls City amateurs Tuesday, but were themselves beaten by that club Saturday by a score of 20 to 5. The defeat by the Danvilles was the only one encountered by the Louisville boys during their late tour. They beat the Georgetownians Thursday 11 to 6 and Friday 14 to 5. They left for home Saturday night.

—The friends of Caldwell College and its president, Rev. John Montgomery, learn with regret that an effort is being made to effect his retirement from the place he now holds. Whatever may be the result, it is well enough to have it known that there is no dissatisfaction on the part of the patrons of the school. They like Mr. Montgomery and would be glad to see him retained at the head of the school he has labored so hard for the past five years to build up.

—Miss Salina McGrath, of Lexington, is visiting the family of Mr. Robert Hann, Mrs. E. V. Dobyns and Miss Mary K. Sumrall, of Fulton, Mo., sisters of Judge J. K. Sumrall, are visiting the family of that gentleman near town. Mr. Wesley Durham, of the Custom House, Louisville, is spending a short vacation here. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilcher will sail from New York on the 26th inst. for Bremen, Germany, to be absent an indefinite time.

—The first inoculated rabbit brought to this country to introduce Dr. Pasteur's method of treating hydrophobia, died in New York recently in a fit of the most pronounced rabies. Dr. Mott, who brought the little animal direct from Pasteur's hospital in Paris, is jubilant over his success, and will proceed at once to inoculate a number of rabbits from the virus obtained and then he will be ready to treat patients suffering from the bite of rabid dogs.

—Le Grand Larew, who owns a cattle ranch in Kansas, is visiting his parents near Elmina. He is six feet high and wears a beard which drags a foot upon the floor when he stands erect. His mustache is said to be 5 feet 6 inches in length by actual measurement. He says that he has it dressed but once in three months and that it takes three days to perform the job.

—There was much gaiety in Danville last week. In addition to college commencement there were hops at the Opera House Tuesday and Friday nights; the party given Monday night to Miss Annie Kinnaird, of Louisville, by her aunt, Mrs. James Kinnaird; the party given Wednesday night by Mrs. M. B. McAlister to her daughter, Miss Mattie, and that given Friday night by Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Cecil to Mr. W. C. Whithorne, Jr., Mrs. Cecil's brother, and his friend and classmate, Mr. W. E. Bryce, of Indianapolis.

—A band of masked men went to the house of Hezekiah Alltop, near Parksburg, W. Va., and taking him from his bed, gave him a terrible flogging and afterwards castrated him, because he had been caught in a compromising position with a female member of his flock.

Green Clay Smith was there and so were Harvey Davis, J. J. Rust, Mr. Potts, Mr. Hansford, of the Junction City Herald, H. Marshall Linney and several other workers in the noble cause. Owing to the slimness of the crowd it was decided to adjourn until 1 o'clock, at which time the convention again assembled.

M. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—FOR SALE.—1 24 inch cylinder New Model Vibrating Thresher and Separator, and 8 horse mounted Caret Power. Above is good as new, having run but one season; cost over six hundred dollars, will sell for half price to close account. For further information apply to J. E. Vowles, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

About Marriage.

Some marry for the fun of the thing and never see where it comes in. This is discouraging.

Some marry for the sake of a good companion and never discover their mistake. This is lucky.

Man is a fickle "critter." Even Adam, who had his wife made to order, found more or less fault with her.

Don't marry a man for his reputation. It is liable to be only a second-hand affair, borrowed from his ancestors.

Many women have married men for their fine exterior. But that's all there is to an ancient egg worth mentioning.

Many marry to spite some one else, only to learn that they got the butt-end of the transaction, and its worst end at that.

Marriage is a lottery full of chances. That's what gives it flavor. All like to chance it, because everybody thinks to win a prize.

Wedlock, in its original state, was as pure as sweet milk fresh from the cow, but man couldn't rest until he stripped it of much of its rich cream.

I say when you are ready to get married, get married. However, it isn't so much trouble to get married as to know when you want to get married.

The hot-headed youth marries in a hurry because he fears marriageable females will be scarce next year, and lives to wonder how the supply holds out.

Marriage resulting from love at first sight is not generally wedded bliss on a par with sour milk. One or the other gets swindled, and often both.

Many a man has married for beauty, only to learn that he paid \$10 for what can be purchased at twenty-five cents at all druggists. This is hard.

The most affectionate people before marriage seldom hold out in the same proportion after the knot is tied. It is better philosophy to commence only as you would live afterward.

From the matrimonial market the saints of both sexes were culled out long ago. Don't expect to marry one. You must guess at some things and take chances for the future on this basis.

Don't marry a woman for her taper fingers and lily hands alone, for marriage life and its rugged experiences call for a wife that knows how to make a pot boil and can spank babies systematically.

But few people marry for pure love, and they are at the time promptings of the tender passion were, in all probability, but the first symptoms of cholera morbus.

The man who marries a woman simply because she is a handy arrangement to have about the house does so from a purely business standpoint, and in the end, if not compelled to support him, she has done better than many women I know of.

He Had the Last Play.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers; it is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the paring is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and i death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs, "I'll never see anybody else nor love them as long as I live."

They part.

Six years later he returns. His sweet-heart of former years has married. They meet at a party. Between dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says. "Probably my brother."

The conversation ends.—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Semi-Weekly Journal

Stanford, Ky. . . . June 22, 1886

E. C. WALTON. - Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD

Mail train going North..... 1:55 P. M.
" " South..... 12:15 P. M.
Express train..... 1:28 A. M.
" " North..... 2:18 A. M.
The above is calculated on standard time. Solar
met is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

LANDRETH'S garden seed in bulk and
packages at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on shore
notice and warranted by Penny & McAlis-
ter.

BUY THE HASS HOG REMEDY, the origi-
nal and only genuine, from Penny & McAlis-
ter.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest
style. Rockford watches a specialty. Pen-
ny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

MRS. G. A. LACKEY is in Louisville.

DR. AND MRS. C. A. COX have gone to
visit friends at Barberville.

MISSES ELLA AND GATIE GIVENS have
been visiting Miss Lena Lackey.

MRS. LESLIE HURLEY, of Richmond,
is visiting Miss Sally Dudderar.

MRS. MARY HALL and Charley Cox
have gone to Rock Castle Springs.

MISSES BELLE JONES and Belle Rife
are visiting relatives in Lancaster.

G. M. COOPER has returned to his
home in Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

MRS. S. W. PARIS, of Mt. Vernon, has
been the guest of Mrs. W. H. Higgins.

MRS. LUCY BOGLE, of Hustonville,
was with her brother, Mr. W. M. Bogle.

MRS. W. H. WHERRITT has returned
from a month's visit to her parents in
Woodford.

MRS. MATTIE DENNY, of Garrard, is
visiting the family of Mr. A. K. Denny,
this county.

MRS. S. S. MCROBERTS has returned
from a visit to her son, Dr. O. H. McRob-
erts at Liberty.

MR. T. C. BAILEY, circuit clerk of
Shelby county, was visiting his cousin, Mr.
James P. Bailey.

MISSES MINNIE UNDERWOOD, of Louis-
ville, is visiting her relatives, Mr. and
Mrs. R. E. Barrow.

MRS. MOLLIE OWENS, of McKinney,
is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. B. Cook, at
Burnside. - [Banner].

MRS. WOODSON, two daughters and
son of Louisville, are at Dripping Spring
for the entire season.

MRS. AL JONES, of Wayne, who has
been visiting Mrs. W. G. Enay and other
friends, went home yesterday.

CAPT. C. L. DOOLEY, of Cleveland,
Tenn., has been on a visit to his brother,
Capt. T. S. Dooley, of the L & N.

MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, who is loved
and respected by everybody here, is spend-
ing a few days at her brother's, S. S. Myers.

MRS. HARRISON BAILEY, of Shelby
county, and Miss Laura Lindenberger, of
Louisville, are visiting Mrs. Mary W. Bow-
man.

MRS. W. O. PARK and her two chil-
dren of Kansas City, arrived by the early
train yesterday on a visit to Mrs. W. H.
Higgins.

MISS ANNIE SPENCER, who as a lady
and as a teacher has endeared herself to the
people of this community, left for her home
in Woodford yesterday.

MISSES ALTONA TERRELL and Hattie
Hale, a pair of Southern beauties, who
have been attending Tarrant College, were
guests of the Myers House Sunday, accom-
panied by Messrs. Harry Fulcher and G. B.
Harris, of Crab Orchard.

MRS. DR. JOHN S. COOPER, who has
made many friends in Memphis during her
short residence by her intelligence and
many accomplishments, left the Peabody
last night for Crab Orchard, Ky., where she will spend the summer with her
parents. - [Memphis Appeal].

LOCAL MATTERS.

FRUIT JARS at T. R. Walton's.

SELF SEALING fruit jars. Waters & Raney.

HARVEST and Lard oil at Metcalf & Fos-
ter's.

FOR RENT.—A suite of rooms in the
Farris & Ramsey building.

PROCTOR KNOTT is the best, ask those
who have tried it. Metcalf & Foster.

SADDLERY and Harness positively at
prime cost. Metcalf & Foster.

FRUIT JARS and Jelly Glasses of all
kinds at A. A. Warren's Model Grocery.

BIG lot of extras for the Walter A. Wood
harvesting machines on hand. I. M.
Bruce.

OILS for Mowers, Reapers and other
harvesting machinery at McRoberts &
Stagg's.

NOTICE.—The High Bridge Camp
Meeting will begin July 15th, and close
July 27, 1886. Many prominent speakers
will be present.

CENTRE COLLEGE has made Col. Sam M.
Burdett and LL.D., an affix that is de-
scriptive of the tall maple of the mountains
in more ways than one.

In token of appreciation of their faithful
services during the trying times of the
change of gauge, the L. & N. will give its
employees a grand picnic at a date to be
selected by them in the near future.

FOR disorderly conduct and drunkenness
Bob Barnett was fined \$9. His partner in
iniquity, Gus Gill, has not been arrested yet, but he is as certain to suffer the penal-
ty for his wrong-doing as John Newland is
city marshal, so he had just as well come
up and take his medicine.

REMEMBER the sale of the Hayden farm
at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

THE prohibitionists of Boyle nominated
F. A. Cox for county judge yesterday.

A RAINY, cool spell has prevailed for
several days. Saturday was cold enough
for fire.

THE finest line of glassware ever brought
to this market at A. A. Warren's "Model
Grocery."

A SCANDAL, which connects the name of
a prominent young man and a pretty young
woman, threatens to be the nine days' won-
der here.

REMEMBER the Kirksville Fair dates,
July 23 and 24. The premiums will be more
liberal than those last year and nothing
will be left undone to make it one of the
best fairs in Kentucky.

THE Kentucky Medical Association will
convene at Winchester, to-morrow and re-
main in session three days. The programme is
a very interesting one. Secretary Steele
Bailey will go thither this afternoon.

ONE of handsomest and most convenient-
ly arranged cottage residences in town is that
of Mr. George H. Bruce on lower Main
street, now nearly completed. It will be a decided ornament to the city.

A MEETING of the Association of Music
teachers of the State will be held at Lex-
ington in August. Miss Rose K. Rich-
ards, of this place, has been invited to de-
liver an address and has the matter under
advisement.

THERE is some talk of the republicans
running Mr. John W. Yerkes, of Danville,
for Superior Judge. He is a fine young
lawyer, a remarkably popular gentleman
and would draw considerably from the
democratic ranks.

TO TEACHERS OF LINCOLN COUNTY.—I
request every teacher of Lincoln county to
meet in the chapel of Stanford Female
College in Stanford, Saturday June 26, at
10 A. M. Important business. Mrs. S. F.
H. Tarrant, President L. C. T. Association.

THE most remarkable news that we have
to communicate this week is that Mr. Jas.
Dudderar has a 10 pound girl at his house.
Though past his three-score-and-ten, Mr.
Dudderar is not so old as Abraham when
his last son was born, but is just as faithful
and his friends every where will congratulate
him on the arrival of the little heir to
cheer his declining years.

THE people of Barren county have with-
drawn their proposition to subscribe \$50,
000 to the stock of the Chesapeake & Nash-
ville railroad on conditions that Glasgow
and others of the towns of the county
should be on the line of the great trunk
route and the notes have been returned to
the subscribers. They think down that
way that Mr. Eugene Zimmerman has not
the best men in each district are needed—
the best interests are at stake. Let the peo-
ple act.

On Wednesday last a party of three
youths engaged in practicing with a small
target rifle. The target was planted in the
lot of the Christian church. The position
of the marksman was in Hocker's lot on the
east side of Danville street, but farther
south than the mark, making the line of
fire to cross the street diagonally to the
west. Directly north from the firing point,
on the east side of the street, is the
house of Mr. Veach. His little girl, some
eight years of age, was standing inside the
yard gate looking out on the street. A bullet
struck a post in the church fence, was
deflected across the street, entering the
brain of the child. She was unconscious
during the night, and her death was ex-
pected every moment. In the morning
consciousness returned and she is still living,
but with little prospect of recovery.

The case is an unusually sad one. It is
difficult to decide who suffers most, the in-
nocent little victim or the unfortunate in-
strument in the calamity. No blame is at-
tached to the boys. They were thoughtless
it is true, but they were simply engaged in a
recreation which a wrong public sentiment
has tolerated on our streets for years. The
participants will never forget the lesson;
and it is hoped that all others will improve
the admonition.

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but with little prospect of recovery.

—For a rarity we have no Barnes letter
this issue, but there will be no dearth of
his interesting matter for several weeks, as
we received four letters by yesterday's mail,
aggregating 120 pages.

—The corner stone of the new First Baptist
church, Cincinnati, was laid with cer-
emonies. The edifice will cost over \$25,
000, and will be ready for occupancy dur-
ing the coming fall.

—Rsv. A. S. Moffett left yesterday for
Taylorsville, where he will hold a protracted
meeting for Rev. W. Y. Davies, the pastor
of the Presbyterian church there. Mrs.
Moffett will spend the time of his absence
with her parents in Louisville.

—Henry Ward Beecher and wife sailed
for Europe Saturday on the steamer Etruria.
A great number of persons, estimated
at 35,000, saw them off. They contemplate
returning in three months. A special
press reporter was taken along to record
the sayings and doings of the journey.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—W. C. Glover's Headwater herd of
Shorthorns, 43 in number, sold at Mt. Sterling
at \$181 per head.

—The Chicago report for July wheat is
quoted at 72½ cents, the lowest point for
July wheat since 1862.

—Blue-grass strippers are hard at work.
They give the owners of the grass half of
their strip and sell the seed a 35 cents per
bushel.

—DANVILLE COURT.—About 300 cattle
on the market yesterday; good many sold.
Prices ranged from 3 to 4.90. A few plug
horses sold from \$40 to \$75. No mule offered.
Crown smallest for year; business generally dull.

—CURRY, PEARN & THELKELD sold to Is-
rael Brown 250 slop-fed cattle they have
had at Thompson's distillery. The lot con-
sisted of 64 bulls which they sold at 3 cents
per pound, the balance, all steers, sold at
4½ per pound. The whole lot would
amount to a little the rise of 1,200 pounds
per head and brought something over \$12,-
000. In addition to this sale the gentlemen
shipped to Cincinnati 36 head and got 4½
for them. It is well to say that these gen-
tlemen bought this stock last fall at prices
ranging from 2 to 3½ cents per pound.—[Harrodsburg Democrat].

—A New York lover sued a pretty wid-
ow for \$15,000 damages for breach of prom-
ise, but an unsympathetic jury mulcted
him with the costs.

—Gov. McCreary says of Mrs. Cleveland:
"I must criticize the newspaper accounts of
the bride, pleasant as they were. They do
not do her justice. I have never met a lady
of more elegance, ease and charm of man-
ner. She is very handsome, approximating
the beautiful. She carries herself
splendidly. Her toilet was in excellent
taste."

—Mrs. M. C. Miller and children, of Aus-

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Applicants for teacher's certificates can
be attended to at Hustonville any day this
week.

—Harvesting has commenced; operators
finding it necessary during the first few
days to wear overcoats.

—The general state of the weather seems
to indicate a disposition in the elements to
unit in "bullying" the wheat market.

—Had no INTERIOR JOURNAL Friday or
Saturday. Result: general ill-humor. [The
paper was out by 7 o'clock Friday morning
and mailed promptly, and such delays are
enough to vex a saint. Ed.]

—Dr. Foster, of Lexington, has been for
some time at his son-in-law's, Mr. Helm,
seriously ill. D. S. Johnson is improving
steadily. Mrs. Dr. Orr, (Hattie Speed)
with her children and niece, Miss Orr, all
of Pendleton county, are guests of her aunt,
Mrs. G. D. Weatherford.

—John S. Goode has been winning lau-
rels as an amateur detective. Mrs. Bennett
McCormick left town Saturday evening,
having her pocketbook containing some
\$50 in small bills, in her satchel. When
passing the colored church she had occasion
to take out some of the contents of the
satchel and laid the pocketbook on her lap.
Restoring the contents some 100 yards farther
on, she discovered that the pocketbook
was missing. She returned and questioned
three colored boys, who were playing near
the church, but they stoutly denied all
knowledge of the money. Here Goode
took the case and by a masterly manipula-
tion he elicited that two other boys, also
colored, had come down the road behind
the buggy, found the money, threw it over
into Dr. Alcorn's garden and turned off by
another street, intending to return later and
divide the booty. The money was all re-
covered. It is pleasant to be able to state
that nothing elicited has in any way im-
plicated the doctor in the transaction.

—The Kentucky State Teachers' Associa-
tion will hold its sessions in Louisville on
the 7th, 8th and 9th of July. It would be
well if a large number of our teachers,
trustees and friends of popular education
would attend. Our people ought to become
more familiar with the great question. It is
rapidly assuming vast proportions. We
must endeavor to keep abreast of it, or be
left ingloriously behind in the contest. The
reports from district elections exhibit an
indifference that is simply culpable. About
\$10,000 per annum is expended in the
county for school expenses. The people
take no interest in electing the custodians
of this fund. The office of trustee is sent
begging and the school is made a sop for a
pet applicant, or traded to the lowest bidder,
irrespective of qualifications. The trustees
find their office one of difficulty; no
backing from the people; no encouragement
from kindly counsel; no evidence of sympa-
thy by word or act to cheer or to sustain.
The best men in each district are needed—
the best interests are at stake. Let the peo-
ple act.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, of Jackson, Mich-
igan, afflicted with internal cancer, with the
exception of two spoonfuls of port wine
each day, has taken no nourishment in 91
days.

—NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—STOLEN!

A Thin-haired Black Berkshire Sow
with 4 Pigs.

Two males and two females, about ten months old.
The sow will weigh 240 pounds, no ear marks.
Any information which will lead to her recovery
will be thankfully received. Will give the Sow
and Pigs for the capture of the thief.

153-21 W. L. DAWSON.

—STOLEN!

From my farm, during the past spring, several
head of FINE STIGCK HOGS, all last week a
large fat sow, black and white, with a white
tail, and sandy color; mark, a smooth crop off of left
ear, with root cut off. The mark of them all is
the same, if not altered. I will pay a liberal re-
ward for the recovery of any of them and a heavy
reward for proof that convicts the thief or thieves.

153-21 A. H. FELEDAN.

NOTCH NUMBER 4.

About the middle of last December Deputy United States Marshal Keltt was murdered by the moonshiners in the mountains of north Georgia. An account of his killing, published in a New York newspaper, said that another notch was cut in the big poplar that guards the entrance to Sleepy cove, the retreat of the outlaws, making five in all, each significant of the death, at the hands of the illicit whisky-makers, of a revenue officer, and I think I can say without fear of contradiction that no one is better acquainted with Sleepy cove and that big poplar than myself. I knew well three of the poor fellows whose epitaphs stand gaping there, silent but awful warning to all who would disturb the lawless men of that lonely cove; the fifth notch is for Keltt, but for whom the fourth was cut seems still to be a mystery to the surrounding neighborhood. Moonshiners seldom make mistakes in their matters of murder, but in this instance I think they have lost their reckoning. That fourth notch was cut for me. I saw it done with death staring me in the face. Is it possible that the outlaws still believe that my bones are bleaching on the damp ground in Smoky hole?

When notch No. 3 was cut there was a great stir in north Georgia. Country people were wild with excitement. Revenue men riding through the mountains had a sort of itching in the back, and were inclined often to turn in the saddle. We laid the murder of W— at the door of the notorious Cap Hawkins, the daring leader of a fearless band of outlaws in the Cohutta mountains, and as soon as possible we were on his trail with a good pack of bloodhounds. The scent was cold, and when we had penetrated some eight miles into the range the dogs became disheartened. After circling round and round we turned and again in search of the trail they gave it up, and we were forced to retreat without having accomplished anything.

It was dusk when we got out of the deep woods, and we began to look about for a place to stay for the night. A log cabin of two rooms was not inviting, but the old crone who came to the door said that she could provide for one of the party, and that the others might find accommodations at another cabin a mile down the road. In some way it was arranged that I should stay at her house, and join the party next morning. She made me as comfortable as possible. For supper I had pure corn bread and molasses, with a great cup of something hot called coffee. While I ate she smoked a clay pipe, sitting in the chimney corner, with her legs crossed and her foot swinging incessantly. When she spoke to me, which she did oftenest than I liked, I could not help feeling that she was trying to pump me. She wanted to know entirely too much about the moonshiners and the revenue men, and before I finished my meal she made me look upon her with suspicion. Once or twice I alluded to her family, for I thought it strange that she should live alone, and even went so far as to inquire about her husband, and ask when he would be at home. But she replied evasively, and all I learned was that her old man and three grown sons were up on the mountain, tending crops. It did not require much exercise of my imagination to determine what kind of crops they were tending. In thinking of them my hand went instinctively to my trusty revolver, and the touch of the cold steel braced me up. I wondered how the men were getting on down at the other cabin, and if they could hear a pistol-shot that far off.

When the old woman had shown me to my room, she returned to her chimney corner and her pipe and her foot-swinging. My bed was an old-fashioned one, with ropes for springs and bear-skins for mattress and cover. I didn't undress, but crawled just as I was between the skins, and, lying on my back, thought I should do much sleeping. When my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and wandered aimlessly over the open ceiling, I saw something about the size of the bed hanging directly over me. It seemed to swing slowly back and forth. I stood up and touched it, examined it as minutely as possible, and again lay down. It was nothing but three or four bed-quilts stretched across two boards supported at the ends by short ropes. If it grew colder in the night I would reach up to them for more cover.

I intended to stay awake, but must have been nearly asleep when a creaking noise aroused me. The next moment it was repeated, and the quilts above me descended rapidly. It flashed upon me that I was in a trap. Drawing my weapon, I attempted to spring out of bed, determined to sell my life dearly, but as I straightened up the quilt covered me, and before I could throw them off strong hands were at the corners. It seemed as if a ton weight had fallen upon me and doubled me up. My head was bent so close upon my breast that I thought my neck would break. My breath came short and fast.

With a frantic struggle I cocked my pistol, and placing the muzzle close against the quilt, pulled the trigger. I fired at random, trusting that fate might guide the ball into the heart or head of some one of my cowardly assailants. The concussion was awful in that narrow space. The smoke filled my eyes, nose, and ears, the shot rang through my brain; I felt that my last hour had come. My God, how I suffered! I remembered a derisive laugh that seemed to come from another world, then something heavy struck me on the head.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying in my back in a jolting wagon, with my hands and feet securely bound. The pale blue of the sky above me and the hazy outlines of the tree-tops rearing overhead told me that day was breaking.

"Wal, kurnel, air ye comin' round all right?" said a deep voice at my head. Raising my eyes I saw leaning over me the grizzly face of the outlaw, Cap Hawkins. He broke into a wild laugh at my look of astonishment.

" Didn't 'spect ter see me this mornin', did ye, kurnel?" he said, tauntingly. "Whar air yer dogs—ha—ha—an' yer horses—ha! ha—an' yer reputat' on! Aw, Lordy, say, kurnel, whar air ye takin' me this mornin'? Air ye goin' ter lock old Cap Hawkins up again?"

His laughter echoed through the woods and sounded fiendish as it came back from the mountain side. I knew Cap Hawkins well. Lawless as he was, there was in his composition a certain wild chivalry peculiar to those men of the mountains. Brave as a lion, he had an unbound admiration for courage in others; cunning as a fox, he respected a man who could outdo him in craftiness. Knowing this, I determined to assume a bold air, and affect a supreme indifference to the fate that was to befall me.

"O, Cap, dry up," I began, winking slyly at him. "Don't frighten the revenue men; they'll be after you again."

Again he roared as if he would split his sides over the joke. He was immensely tickled.

"Say your prayers, Cap," I continued, "it'll be a long time before you see daylight again."

"What air ye drivin' at, kurnel?" he asked, seriously, casting his eyes about him. My shot had missed, but I kept firing.

"Well, you see, Hawkins, now that I've got you in my power, I'm going to put you

out of the way for good. You come along with me to the cove. There's a warm hole in the side of the mountain in which you can spend the winter, board and lodging free. Come, brace up, Cap; when you see how comfortable it is there you'll want to leave the place for life."

The outlaw made no response to my random talk, nor did he laugh as before. Something seemed to worry him, for he fidgeted about and scratched his uncombed head and ran his bony fingers through his grizzled, tangled beard.

"Look a-hyar, kurnel," said the moonshiner, leaning close to me and boring into me with his black eyes, "air ye ever been there?"

"There! Where, Cap?"

"That hole ye air a-goin' on about?"

"Why, of course, don't I know every hole and crag in the Cohuttas?"

"Then that settles it, kurnel. I lowed ye war jokin'. Waw, Fatsy, waw Suck, waw."

He reined in his horses and stopped the wagon. Taking up an ax he handed it to some person on the ground, and said a few words which I did not understand. I tried to raise myself to look out, but fell back helpless, full of sharp, shooting pains. My joints refused to bend, my neck creaked when I tried to turn my head, and the struggle of the night came back to me like a horrible repetition. At the first sound of the ax Cap Hawkins put his arm under my back and forced me to sit upright.

"Cobe air a-custin' yer tombstone, kurnel, an' I lowed ye'd like to git a last look."

To the right of the wagon stood a giant poplar lifting its shaggy top 300 feet above the road. In its trunk were three gaping wounds, and a moonshiner in broad hat and big boots was cutting a fourth. Two other ill-looking men stood near, their guns in their hands.

"Kurnel," continued my guard, "do ye want ter write yer eperaph?" The man laughed at their chief. "Them other three friends didn't git nary char' ter write them. Boys, all any o' yet got a pencil?"

Too well I knew the meaning of that noted from which the sappy chips were flying. My heart quivered as the ax ate its way into the soft wood. My face must have reflected my thought, for the outlaw, giving me a gentle push, sent me on my back.

"Lay down, kurnel, and don't git so all-fired skeered," he said. "That air a mighty com'f'able hole up in the hills—board an' lodgin' free." And quoting my own words, he fairly made the welkin ring with his coarse laughter.

"Surely you don't intend to murder me, cap?"

"That air jes' about it, I reckon, kurnel. Ye air cross the dead-line, an' yer eperaph ain't done writ."

Before I could say more his three companions climbed into the wagon beside me. Clucking to his horses he drove on at a trot through the pass, and as the sun rose over the mountain we entered the precincts of Sleepy cove. It must have been after 10 o'clock, yet into that lonesome spot the sun was just beginning to pour his rays. By 2 p.m. he would disappear behind the jagged cliff that formed the western boundary of the retreat, and the long twilight would set in, with its spectral shadows chasing each other in the dark wood. Often had I heard the country folk talk with bated breath of the horrors of Sleepy cove. Goblins, they said, dwelt in the mountain caves, coming forth at dusk to frolic with the fearless moonshiners, and dancing at midnight upon the slippery crags. Ghouls, armed with the bones of murdered men, kept nightly vigil at the narrow pass, and if any human being approached from the outside they gathered around the giant poplar and beat upon the bark till the frightened man disappeared in the direction whence he came. No man but the moonshiners had ever been known to come from Sleepy cove alive, consequently none over voluntarily entered that wild, uncanny place.

These thoughts were passing through my mind when suddenly the wagon stopped, and the four men threw themselves into attitudes of attention, grasping their guns and casting furtive glances at each other. Straining my ear I thought I heard the faint yelp of a hound. Cap Hawkins dashed his horses into a gallop, and we sped on through the woods for half a mile, stopping again in the shadow of a cliff. At their leader's order two of the men lifted me out of the wagon, and half dragged me to a spot where the earth formed a kind of bench against the rock wall. Placing me on the ground they began prying at my port-hole there was a broad smile on every face. An ax was procured, and, while four of the men guarded against surprise, the fifth cut a window in my jail, through which I crawled, having been a prisoner nearly twenty hours.

The baying of a hound reached me. It was repeated, and in a moment the thrilling music of the pack waked again and again the sleeping echoes of Sleepy cove. Near and nearer it came, until a dozen fine bloodhounds burst through the underbrush and dashed up to the bowlder at the entrance to Smoky hole. Then opening again they sped away on the cold trail of the moonshiners.

"Dan, here Dan; down, sir!" I shouted to the leader with all my might. The obedient brute, recognizing my voice, dropped to the ground. I called him to me, and soon the entire pack was barking playfully at the roots of my novel prison, rejoicing, no doubt, at having treed their master.

Hearing a well known signal in the woods I answered it, and one by one five of my friends crept cautiously up to the cave, carbines in hand. When I spoke to them from my port-hole there was a broad smile on every face. An ax was procured, and, while four of the men guarded against surprise, the fifth cut a window in my jail, through which I crawled, having been a prisoner nearly twenty hours.

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When we reached the big poplar that guards the pass to Sleepy cove I fastened in the fourth notch a piece of paper bearing these words:

"Cap Hawkins, beware. The colonel is on your trail. Go look for his bones in Smoky hole."

EUCHARLIER.—Chicago Times.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve

This salve is in the world to Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Callusains, Corus and skin Eruptions, Ye may her comp'ny fore night, eyhows. The revies air air us hotter'd dimmition blazes. They air done 'cross the dead line. Nell the moose, kurnel!"

"Now, kurnel, don't git out o' sorts. It air mighty com'f'able in hyer—board an' lodgin' free. Boys, air ye ready? Them bounds air pickin' us up. Light the fire, Cob. Kurnel, hyer air a knife ter cut yer loose arter we leva ye. Don't git skeered o' the ghosts, and 'member ye air mighty com'f'able—board an' lodgin' free; an' yer eperaph air down on the big poplar. Goodby, kurnel."

The outlaws were already placing the bowlder in position, and when Cap Hawkins had squeezed his way out the rock was rolled into the opening. With a crunching sound it settled into place, and I was a prisoner in Smoky hole.

—Chicago Times.

An Old Citizen Speaks

Mr J. M. Norris, an old citizen of Rome, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for a great many years and with Eczema for three years; at times could scarcely walk, and had tried many remedies without benefit, before he began taking Electric Bitters and anointing his hands with Bucklin's Arnica Salve. This treatment afforded him great relief and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints or need a Blood Purifier. Sold by Penny & McAlister.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; having found it to be all that I claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure all forms of consumption, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I, am guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

"I hope they'll give you all you deserve, you cold-blooded murderer!" I said, wishing that I could throttle the villain.

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